

sun is a tough proposition, but it hasn't anything on marching through the cloudburst rain the weatherman pulls off.

All along the route our train had to stop while washouts were repaired and temporary bridges built. Then



we would go on a few miles further and get out and go through the same operation of roadbed making and bridge building.

Sometimes I think I'd rather be a war correspondent in a lemonade parlor in Vera Cruz right now than out here in these parts.

But, at that, its a great life marching with Villa. He's such a plain, easy-to-meet fellow that one can't help liking him. And it's worth going through a heap of hardships to

see him handle this great army of fighting rebels.

To be with him while he is planning an attack is mighty interesting, but to see him in battle is far more so.

When he comes tearing along, standing up in his stirrups, yelling and cussing and calling on every saint he ever heard of, Pancho Villa can get every mother's son in the rebel army fighting like demons.

Sometimes I feel like throwing away my camera and grabbing a gun,